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One Halfpenny.

KING ALFONSO AND A TROMBONE.



When the King of Spain visited the island of Hierro during his tour to the Canaries, the boat conveying the royal musicians capsized. The instruments were all damaged or lost. The photograph shows the King of Spain examining the damaged trombone and laughing at its battered condition.

JABEZ BALFOUR RELEASED.

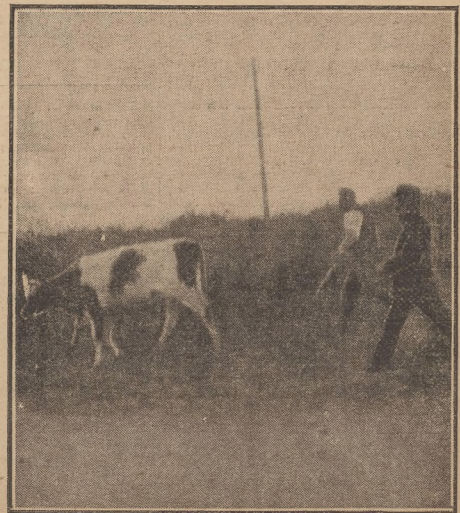


On Saturday Jabez Balfour, ex-M.P. for Burnley, was released from Parkhurst Prison. He was sentenced on November 28, 1895, to fourteen years' penal servitude for gigantic frauds in connection with the Liberator Building and Investment Society. The total liabilities were £8,360,804.—(Russell and Sons.)

SNAPSHOTS OF JABEZ BALFOUR DURING HIS IMPRISONMENT AT PARKHURST.



During his imprisonment at Parkhurst Jabez Balfour, ex-M.P. and financier, was engaged in open-air employment and farm work. In the picture on the



left he is opening a gate on the farm to drive the cattle through. On the right he is driving a cow along the farm lanes.

PLEASANT EASTER HOLIDAYS.



GOOD FISHING AND CHARMING SCENERY.

WHERE THEY MAY BE SPENT

Resorts of Every Attraction to Suit Every Preference — and How to Reach Them. The Charm of Holiday Planning—a Useful and Invaluable Help to All.

give a choice for selection that even the most blasé can fail to find fault with.

These thoughts occurred to us on looking over the 1906 issue of the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide just published. Here is an exhaustive selection of the most delightful places for spending a holiday, not only within the confines of the British Isles, but on the Continent as well. It gives, not the unnecessary histories to be found in most guides, but just the essential features of each holiday resort.

The question to be considered at the uncertain time of Easter in deciding is aspect, whether exposed to cold winds, amount of sunshine, etc. Here all such information is given, as well as facilities for sport, fishing to be had, and all about walks, drives, concerts, piers, parks, etc.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE.

The amount of condensed information in the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide is amazing, for not only does it describe the sanitary conditions

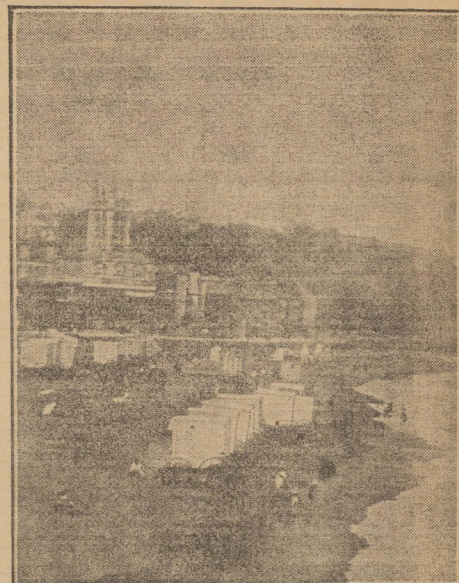
are especially interesting and number nearly sixty.

It will be seen from a hasty glance at its pages that the information given is not all of a laudatory description—it would not be reliable as a guide if it were.

For instance, the description of one resort terminates with the significant *Nota Bene*—"The sanitary arrangements are imperfect." A few pages further along another N.B. meets the eye, followed by the warning: "A certain amount of caution is to be observed, and the casual visitor should first seek the advice of a boatman or fisherman before attempting to bathe."

Another resort is described as having "a rescue man in attendance." To those who love a dip in the sea, information in advance regarding the capabilities of each resort is essential before deciding where to go.

While some places are described as having machines or tents, another bears the terse but sufficiently illuminating remark that "There are no bye-laws." The question of mixed bathing is also



SAFE BATHING AND LOVELY SANDS.

TO most people the holiday places—at least, the larger ones—of our own country are familiar by name, but that invariably is the extent of their knowledge. There are comparatively few who can boast of even a slight personal acquaintance with the delightful spots of England and Wales—to say nothing of Scotland and Ireland. The great majority prefer to go, year after year, to the same place for their Easter or summer vacation. They have discovered one resort which suits them and which they think is perfect, and they are satisfied.

As a rule it is some very ordinary place after all, but they consider it (although they are acquainted with few other places) to be the best of all.

These people are like the average Chinaman who has never been outside his own country, who is unacquainted with the high standard of civilisation, culture, and knowledge of the great European and American States, and yet insists that China is the greatest of all nations, Chinamen the most enlightened and progressive of all individuals, and the philosophy of Confucius the greatest of all schools of thought.

THE TRAVELLER ABROAD.

There is again the other class of persons, who year by year frequent the resorts of Switzerland, the South of France, Germany, etc., and who yet are wholly unacquainted with the delightful retreats on our own shores, and the many charming nooks of the inlands of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Sunny Jersey, for instance, because of its distinctive French colouring, offers the holiday-maker the novelty of foreign travel without the inconvenience. From Jersey, with its sub-tropical vegetation, to the wild and bracing moorlands of Yorkshire is variety indeed. From the rocky coves and leafy, flower-decked lanes of Devonshire to the wild, reed-encircled lakes of the Broads is a study in contrast.

For sylvan beauty the Thames is without a rival, or for wild and rugged grandeur the Inverness Highlands are hard to beat. The Trossachs and the lochs of the Western Highlands of Scotland, the incomparable Lakes of Killarney, wild Wales, and the sunny seaside towns of the south-east coast



A CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

and water supply, but the question as to whether the climate is bracing or mild, sands or beach, etc.

No one thinking of holidays at Easter or later in the Season should fail to get a copy of this most useful guide—it is a marvellous threepennyworth. Its usefulness is further increased by the addition of some excellent maps and a list of apartments, boarding-houses, and hotels. The illustrations

dealt with, as the pleasures of bathing lose much of their attraction to the heads of a family when they find—when it is perhaps too late—that the daily dip cannot be enjoyed by the whole family together.

A study in extremes is the description of two delightful resorts of opposite attractions—one is "Frequented by the select clientele of the sur-

rounding counties and is consequently free from the tripper and the bustle of the more popular resorts"; the other is described as being "One of the liveliest spots to spend a holiday in; the place bustles with merriment from morning till night."

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY RESORT.

The description given in the guide by the well-known doctor, Sir Benjamin Brodie, of one of our most enchanting and salubrious resorts is perhaps the most engaging of all. He says, "If you want health for the body, rest for the mind, pure air and splendid scenery, all of God's gifts which go to make a terrestrial Paradise, I emphatically advise you to go to, etc."

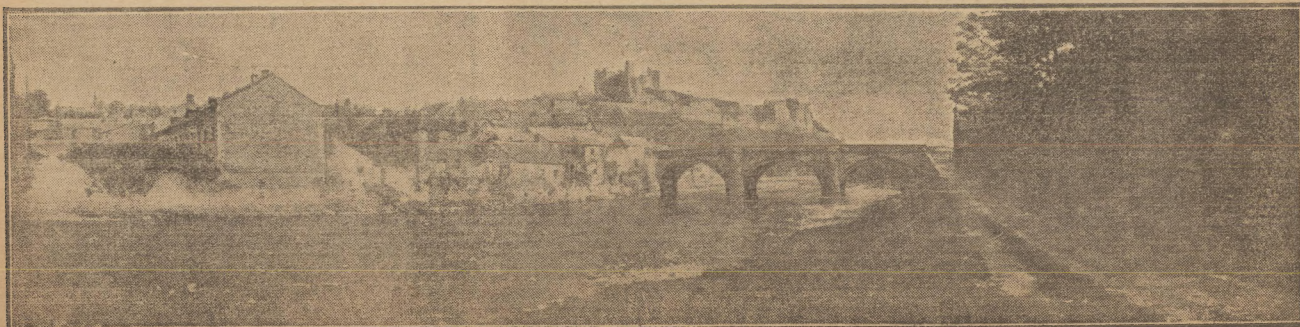
The comprehensiveness of the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide can be judged from the fact that it covers from Southend to Biarritz, from Colwyn Bay to Nairn, from Bundoran to Flamborough.

The man or woman must be difficult to please who cannot find a suitable place, and one to his or her own individual liking, from amongst the numbers included in this guide. Even the list of apartments and boarding-houses is comprehensive; they run from the house near the station to the quiet retreat or homely farm, miles from the nearest railway—from the palatial hotels of the larger resorts to the time-honoured inns of the remote inlands.

THE SPORTSMAN'S HELP.

The yachtsman will find the best grounds for yachting, the cyclist and motorist the districts distinguished by good roads, and the golfer all that relates to links, their number and description.

The *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide is the handbook for all, rich and poor alike, for it describes places for moderate means and the well-filled purse; it describes the resorts near at hand and those a day or two's journey distance. It appeals to the humble pedestrian and the well-to-do motorist. It is the handbook for all thinking of Easter holidays or a summer vacation. The price for this admirable publication is but threepence, of all newspapers, or post free direct for 4d. from *Daily Mirror* Resort Guide Office, 12, Whitefriars street, E.C.



A HOLIDAY RESORT OF HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC INTEREST.

JABEZ BALFOUR RELEASED.

Greeted by a Lady at the
Prison Gates.

GOING TO ARGENTINA.

First Time He Had Ever Seen a
Motor-car.

HIS LITERARY PLANS.

Jabez Balfour was liberated from Parkhurst Prison, in the Isle of Wight, at eight o'clock on Saturday morning.

He had completed ten years and five months of the fourteen years' penal servitude passed upon him on November 28, 1895, for gigantic frauds in connection with the Liberator companies. The release took place with the greatest secrecy, and so carefully were the preparations made by the prison authorities, in order that the public should know nothing about it, that not even Scotland Yard officials were informed of the fact.

The first to greet Balfour was a gentleman and a lady, the latter of whom has lived at Yarmouth, a little seaside town not far from the prison, for the last ten years. They drove to Parkhurst just before eight o'clock on Saturday, and met the ex-convict as he left the prison. Then they drove back with him to Yarmouth.

There the party took the morning steamer, which left at 8.45, for Lynton, a small seaport town on the mainland, and entered the 9.30 train for London.

BAFFLING THE INTERVIEWERS.

The release had been anticipated, of course, and so more than one newspaper representative who had been in the vicinity of the prison for some days entered the train after the party.

At Basingstoke, however, the would-be interviewers were completely baffled, for the little party left the train, hurried past the barriers, and entered a powerful motor-car which was waiting immediately outside the station. They drove off through the little town in the direction of Winchester, and then, changing their route, without any warning dashed off in the direction of London.

This was the first time that Balfour had seen a motor-car, and it is difficult to conceive what must have been his feelings as he was whirled through the country on an invention absolutely new to him. The metropolitan press, however, was not so easily deceived. At 10 o'clock, and then Mr. Balfour and his two friends proceeded to pay a number of calls in the City, and having done what was more important—shaken off their pursuers—caught an evening train from Waterloo to a south-coast town, where Jabez Balfour will remain in retreat until, as is expected, he leaves for the Argentine.

PERMISSION TO LEAVE ENGLAND.

Although he is only out on licence, he has full permission to leave the country so long as he reports himself at the regulation intervals to the British Consul, instead of to the police, as he would have to do if he stayed here.

The ten years Balfour has spent in the invalid prison of Parkhurst have made him an old man. He was fifty-two when sentenced to the long term from which he has just emerged, and at sixty-two an ordinary man is beginning to feel the burden of his years.

When he left the prison, however, it was seen that his release acted on him immediately like a tonic.

A railway porter who saw the party enter the train at Lynton said that the ex-convict seemed in the best of spirits. He was chatting happily with his two friends, and going with the interest of a child upon scenes which he had been prevented from looking upon for so long.

When he was sentenced he wore a dark beard, and although this was clipped off, of course, when he entered prison, he was allowed to start growing it again some months before his release.

WHAT FREEDOM MEANS.

His chin is now covered with whiskers, almost as it was when he entered gaol. He has gained enormously in weight during his incarceration.

It is difficult to conjecture what freedom means to this clever man, who for ten long years has been cut off from all the activities of the world. In prison his conduct, as his release indicates, has been exemplary. He has taken his punishment with a dogged philosophy and plucky resignation which has won him the favour of those who were associated with him in convict life.

One feature of the change from prison to liberty will be the matter of diet. For over ten years his food has consisted of nothing (except when in the infirmary) but dry brown bread, bacon, potatoes, and beans, with an occasional plate of roast beef. Now he returns to liberty one can imagine

what the consequent change of diet will mean after such a prolonged monotony of prison fare.

Naturally a great many rumours are current as to Balfour's means. Remarkable stories have been related that he is still financially well off, and that he has property, the proceeds of which have been accumulating during his absence.

In answer to this, Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., states definitely that he knows for a fact that his late client, whom he defended at his trial in 1895, is penniless. In fact, Mr. Balfour intends at once to begin to earn his living by literary work.

"FAIR BURCOTE'S SQUIRE."

I was the last journalist to interview Balfour before the great crash of the ill-starred companies in 1892. It was "Mr. J. Spencer Balfour" in those days. It is "Jabez" now.

We met at Burcote, his lovely riverside retreat near Abingdon-on-Thames. He was at the zenith of his power and popularity. Burnley had honoured him by sending him to Parliament. His name was a synonym for open-handed generosity and political zeal. He had started Radical clubs. He had built model dwellings. He had given, and was giving, smart week-end entertainments to his smart political and personal friends. He had even blessed the neighbouring parish of Dorchester with the gift of a recreation ground.

How vividly I remember the pomp and circumstance of the last-mentioned ceremonial! I can see the cheering, swaying crowds of simple villagers as a lane was made for a dashing carriage and pair to pass in triumph to the ground. I can see the florid-visaged, benevolent-looking gentleman, in white top-hat and light grey frock-coat, a stately maiden lady by his side, bowing like a king to a grateful and admiring people. I can see the village school-children grouped beside the carriage. I can almost hear their pretty voices singing once again:—

"All hail! fair Burcote's squire to-day!"

And now the benevolent-visaged gentleman, the once all-powerful company-promoter, the erstwhile honoured representative of a great Lancashire constituency, is a broken and discredited man, an outcast from political and financial society, a byword throughout the English-speaking world.

Balfour was one of the best platform speakers I have ever heard. Loud, vigorous, persuasive, with a certain genial rufianism which went, direct as an arrow, to all hearts, it is easy to perceive that he found little difficulty in making himself a magnetic force alike at company as at political gatherings.

He possessed a good story, the effectiveness of which was, perhaps, a little marred by a certain huskiness of voice and curious lisp. Just before the crash came he was wont to turn nervously round at open-air demonstrations. I used to wonder why. I can guess the reason now.

I well remember meeting him at Burcote. He sent for me. He was anxious that his generosity to Dorchester should reach the eyes of his Burnley constituents. I shall not quickly forget the glowing description of the ceremony "Mr. J. Spencer Balfour, M.P.," without a single hum or haw, dictated to me on that occasion. It was one of the finest pieces of descriptive writing I have ever read. E. A. J.

LIBERATOR RELIEF FUND.

The Rev. J. Stockwell Watts, the prime mover of the Liberator Relief Fund, informed the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that he did not possess any facts regarding Balfour's resources.

All he could say was that he understood the ex-convict proposed to write a book relating his prison experiences and giving a complete history of the Liberator case. This, he was given to believe, would be sold for the benefit of the victims of the fraud, whose thousands were still receiving help from the relief fund.

For history of Jabez Balfour's career see page 5.

VESUVIUS STILL RESTLESS.

Fresh Heavy Shower of Ashes Puts a Neighbouring
Town in Darkness.

NAPLES, Sunday.—At two o'clock this afternoon a heavy shower of ashes began falling at Ottajano, which, plunged in profound darkness.

Lord Rosebery and Colonel Radcliffe, Military Attache to the British Embassy, have visited the districts ravaged by the eruption.—Reuter.

Serious alarm was caused at Ottajano, San Giuseppe, and the surrounding district by renewed activity of Vesuvius late on Saturday night.

Urgent messages were sent to Naples asking for assistance, as heavy showers of ashes and red sand were falling.

Convoys loaded with provisions and furnished with torches were immediately sent to the succour of the distressed townsmen.

TRIED TO KISS OUR QUEEN'S FEET.

CORFU, Saturday.—While King Edward and Princess Victoria remained on board the royal yacht, King George, Queen Alexandra, and the Prince and Princess of Wales yesterday drove to Patmos.

The courtiers tried to kiss the feet of King George and Queen Alexandra.—Reuter.

THE KAISER'S LATEST TELEGRAM.

Insolent Message Stirs Up the Wrath of
Austria and Italy.

The Kaiser William's mania for sending telegrams has brought him fresh trouble.

Not since the day when he sent that famous little cable to President Kruger has a dispatch caused so much commotion as that sent by his Imperial Majesty to Count Goluchowski, Minister of Foreign Affairs for Austria-Hungary.

The telegram refers to the assistance given to German interests by the Austrian representative at the Algeiras Conference on Morocco, and it reads as follows:—

At the moment when, with the sanction of your most gracious master, I am forwarding the Grand Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle to Count Welsersheimb, in gratitude for his successful efforts at Algeiras, I cannot refrain from expressing to you my heartfelt and sincere thanks for your abiding support of my representatives—a grand act of the true ally. You have proved yourself a brilliant second in a fencer's manoeuvre, and you may count upon a similar service from me in a like case.—WILLIAM, I.R.

The objects of this telegram were threefold:—

- (1) To please Austria.
- (2) To rebuke Italy, because, though an ally of Germany, she had not supported the German demands at Algeiras.
- (3) To annoy France on general principles.

How far have these objects been attained? In the first place, Vienna is intensely irritated.

"Are we the lackeys of William II.?" the proud Austrians are asking. "Why, Austria was the first Power of Europe before Prussia existed, and when the Hohenzollerns were the most unimportant princes of Germany." As for the idea of the Kaiser doing a good turn to Austria, the notion is simply scoffed at. Germany's "friendship" is at present exerted to rob Austria of what she considers her legitimate rights in regard to Serbia.

In Italy, on the other hand, the Kaiser's dispatch has simply caused mingled amusement and resentment, and has made Italian more lukewarm than ever in their interest in the Triple Alliance.

As for France, only the Parisian sense of humour is tickled. Paris will be delighted if the Kaiser sends many more telegrams of this particular kind.

MAXIME GORKY IN TROUBLE.

Refused Admission to Two New York Hotels on
the Score of Morality.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Sunday.—Maxime Gorky, the Russian novelist, has quickly tired of America, where for a few days he has been the social lion of the moment.

Yesterday, however, it was discovered that Mme. Gorky is not his legal wife, who, with Gorky's two children, remains behind in St. Petersburg. The novelist's American companion is the Russian actress known as Mme. Pieshko.

The landlord of the Belleclaire Hotel, where the couple were staying, immediately called upon them to find fresh quarters. The novelist himself was besieged by a crowd of reporters, demanding to know whether he was legally married. He finally said his companion was his wife "under the higher law of humanity."

He then tried to obtain accommodation at another hotel, the Brevoort-Lafayette, but the indignant landlord refused him admission. Finally they secured a small furnished flat.

Mark Twain, who is a member of the Committee of the Friends of Russian Freedom, says that Gorky's influence as a propagandist in America is seriously damaged by the discovery.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

FERROL, Sunday.—The Spanish royal yacht Giralda has left for Cherbourg to embark King Alfonso, on Wednesday next, for the Isle of Wight.—Reuter.

When Ted Sloan appeared on Saturday in the New York Bankruptcy Court his counsel talked for him, claiming that he has lost his voice through throat trouble caused by excessive smoking.

A Springfield (Missouri) mob has taken two negroes, probably innocent, out of the local gaol and hanged them on the statue of the Goddess of Liberty, on the court house buildings, afterwards burning their bodies.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Moderate easterly to southerly breezes; fair generally, sunny in nearly all districts; temperature rising; quite warm in the afternoon.

Lighting-up time, 7.54 p.m.
Sea passages will be smooth in the south and east, moderate in the west.

THREE CHILDREN PERISH IN FIRE.

Heroic Attempts at Rescue by a
Young Seaman.

THRICE REPULSED.

Three children were burned to death at 61, St. Ann's-road, Notting Dale, on Saturday night, after heroic but ineffectual efforts at rescue had been made by Able Seaman Rowe, of H.M.S. Pembroke.

How the fire originated is not known, but Mr. Payne, wood and coal merchant, had not left his shop, over which the children were, for more than a few minutes before his premises were ablaze.

Rowe happened to be among the crowd which quickly gathered, and when word was circulated that there were children in the rooms above the shop, the fact that the place was already a burning furnace did not deter him from attempting a rescue.

Springing up without the aid of a ladder, he caught hold of the unblinded and drew himself level with the window of the room of the children known to him, two children were suffocating. He had scarcely effected a footing before the blind gave way, precipitating him into the street.

FELL TO THE PAVEMENT.

A second attempt brought him again to the window, but the coping on which he rested collapsed, and again he dropped bruised and bleeding on to the pavement.

A third time he essayed to reach the room, and the final attempt was met with a burst of flame that showed the impossibility of effecting a rescue.

Among those watching his efforts at the end were Mrs. Ford, the agonised mother of the children in the front room. She is the wife of an out of work labourer, who is in Birmingham seeking employment. With the few pence she possessed she had gone out for a few minutes to buy a little supper for herself and the children.

On the floor above another lodger received sufficient warning to get two of his children to a place of safety, but the attempt to rescue the third with the aid of the gallant bluejacket failed.

Within a few minutes of the alarm being raised, seven steams were on the scene, but in the meantime Mr. Tollhurst, who keeps a fancy shop next door, had made his way to the roof of his house, and, crossing the coping that divides the leads of the two houses, had thrown open the trap-door of the burning house in the hope of reaching the top floor. The flames and smoke drove him back.

A STRANGE OVERSIGHT.

Although the fire brigade was on the scene in the shortest time possible there was no hope of saving the lives of any persons in the building, even had the men been immediately on the spot. There were some—whom, by some extraordinary oversight, was not done.

It was not until the fire had been got under that the bodies were discovered.

On the first floor in the front room over the shop were the bodies of Florence Ford, aged five and a half years, and Lena Ford, aged two and a half years; while on the second floor were the charred remains of Esther Riseley, a baby of a year and a few months.

Seaman Rowe, whose injuries required surgical treatment, is a young man, who was with Prince Louis of Battenberg's division on the recent visit to the United States.

POSTMEN'S STRIKE DECLINING.

Many Men Return to Work, and Soldiers Cheerfully
Take the Places of Others.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—Despite the resolution of a great meeting of 5,000 postmen last night to continue the struggle, the strike is generally believed to be nearing an end.

Many newspaper carriers are returning to work. The approval given by the Chamber to the firm attitude of the Government has deprived the more clear-sighted of the men of any illusions as to the outcome of the fight.

Meanwhile considerable inconvenience is being caused, but the soldiers are throwing themselves heartily into the task of temporarily carrying out postmen's duties.

Interesting photographs of strike incidents will be found on page 8.

MISHAP ON NEW JAPANESE WARSHIP.

Two workmen, Alexander Andrews and William Taylor, whilst working on the new Japanese battleship, Katori, lying at Birkenhead, on Saturday became wedged between the sides of the hoist used for raising shells to the upper deck.

Andrews's arm was fractured, and Taylor was badly crushed. They are now lying in Birkenhead Hospital.

The five gentlemen attacked are prepared accept the troopers' apologies.

HOW THE "MIRROR" GETS TO MARGATE.

Rush Through the Night in the Special Motor-Car.

PERILS OF THE TRIP.

Thousands of *Daily Mirror* readers spending the holidays on the south coast are wondering to-day how it is that they were able to buy their paper hours before any other daily paper published in London had reached them.

Their papers have been carried to them each morning of the holidays by the *Daily Mirror* special service of motor-cars.

And these papers carried by motor-car have not been early editions, but the very latest ones, containing the full news.

It was almost three o'clock of Saturday morning when a large Mascot motor-car, the property of the Farman Automobile Company, left the *Daily Mirror* Office on its trip to Margate and Ramsgate loaded up with great bundles of papers. Beside the driver there were two other passengers.

A storm of ice-cold rain had scarcely stopped as the car darted off through the empty London streets for Gravesend and Chatham, where the first consignments of papers were to be delivered.

Slippery tramlines, feared by all motorists, were the chief feature of that first part of the journey, but still the great bundles of *Daily Mirrors* had safely reached their destination a few minutes past 4 a.m.—before there was a sign of daylight.

Sheep Under the Car.

"Now then for Ramsgate," muttered the occupants of the motor-car as they wrapped themselves up ready for the icy hours at dawn, and settled down for a run of over sixty miles.

But it was not an opportunity for a nap. What is described as "the most treacherous road in England" lay ahead and the night was dark. Narrow, winding roads with high hedges kept all three on the strain with eyes and cars.

A farmer's car without a lamp all but brought destruction at one sharp corner, and a flock of sheep, which had escaped from a field and were passing the night asleep in the middle of the road, only failed to wreck the expedition by a seeming miracle. Four of them were actually under the car.

Soon after half-past four the sky lightened, and what seemed but a few minutes after it was light enough to see the way.

Fast-shutterd hedges, orchards beautiful with blossom, and great fields ugly with their forests of bare hop-poles, flashed past in endless succession.

But one thing was very clear. Ratepayers should get up at daybreak and see whether the street lamps are turned out. Almost every street the *Daily Mirror* motor-car passed was alight long after day had come.

The market was just opening at Ramsgate as the great bundles of papers were turned over to waiting hands, and then the car swung on to Margate.

At 7.15 a.m. it tossed out the first bundle. At 7.19 the first copy had been sold.

SHOT BY HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

Jealous Farmer Slays Sister-in-Law to Whom He Was Deeply Attached.

The remarkable double Good Friday tragedy which took place at Great Horwood, near Winslow, Buckinghamshire, was investigated in that little village on Saturday.

Some of the deepest elements of human passion appeared to have played a part in the crime. On Good Friday morning Albert King, a farmer of fifty, visited his sister-in-law, Eliza Jane King, aged thirty-seven, to whom he was much attached, and when she came to the door he shot her in the breast; "literally," to quote one witness, "blowing her heart to pieces." He then committed suicide by cutting his throat.

Jealousy is said to have been the motive of the crime. It was stated at the inquest that the murderer had previously attempted to take his own life.

"RAGGING" DECISION DEFERRED.

The promulgation of the decision of the Court of Inquiry which investigated at Aldershot the "ragging" of Second-Lieutenant Clark-Kennedy, of the Scots Guards, has been deferred.

This, it is said, is partly due to the absence of the King from the country and partly the probable retirement of all the implicated officers if Colonel Cuthbert loses his command.

LIFE LOST THROUGH ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

A young South-Western Railway porter at Winchester on Saturday, after assisting in attaching horse-boxes to a train, stepped back absent-mindedly on another line. He was run over by some wagons and decapitated.

JABEZ BALFOUR'S RELEASE.

His Crime and Its Punishment—From Millionaire M.P. to Ticket-of-Leave Man.

"I am sure that no small part of your punishment will be the remorse you must feel at having broken up many a humble home. No prison doors can shut out from your ears the cry of the widow and orphan whom you have ruined."

It was with these words of Mr. Justice Bruce echoing in his ears that Jabez Balfour, millionaire, rogue, and charlatan, stepped, on November 28, 1895, from the dock after one of the most sensational trials in the history of finance.

But for the tragedy of that gigantic financial fraud and the series of exposures which had preceded it it is quite likely that Jabez Balfour would have been at this moment a member of the Government. It is certain that at the time of his downfall, when he was fifty-two years of age, he was well in the running for a seat in the Cabinet.

He was then one of the most prominent members on the Liberal side in the House of Commons, and a man whom everybody thought to be a financial genius with a conscience.

Conscience as an Asset.

The conscience, however, was only Balfour's stock-in-trade. It repaid him his bogus concerns all sorts of quiet and respectable folk who, without the pretended piety which Balfour assumed, would never have entered into speculation at all.

Professing that his companies had a capital of seven millions, Jabez attracted over 50,000 shareholders and depositors. In September, 1892, the time came, and 50,000 people realised that they had lost practically their all. Many lost their reason, some took their lives, hundreds lived on charity or poor relief, and thousands had to leave retirement to take up once more the labours which only years of thrift had relieved them of.

When the Liberator closed its doors two of Balfour's associates were charged at Bow-street, but Balfour, who was known as the "Skipper," took to flight.

Hobbs, who was second in command, was sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude; Wright, the solicitor, who had acted as the Liberator's financial manager, shared a similar fate; and Newman, a director, who had been financed by one or other of the companies to the extent of three and a half millions, was sent to penal servitude for five years.

At this time—March, 1893—Balfour, flying by way of Calais and Genoa, to Buenos Ayres, was living in a comfortable villa in the Argentine as Samuel Butler.

Nemesis Overtakes the Fugitive.

Although no extradition treaty was then in force between this country and the South American State, the fugitive did not feel quite safe; so he went further up country to Salta, and purchased a brewery.

Then Nemesis overtook him, and his downfall was complete, the extradition difficulties having been overcome by the British Government.

In January, 1894, two years after the smash, he was lodged in gaol at Buenos Ayres. Long formalities, which cost nearly £8,000, delayed his departure for twelve months, and then he was brought to England in charge of Inspector Frost.

He reached Southampton on the Tartan Prince on May 6, 1895, and after two long trials for different offences—first, in which the only witness centred around the man in the dock, for all the evidence was figures, figures, figures—Balfour went into the long confinement from which he has just emerged.

EARLY CAREER.

Balfour was the son of a marine-store dealer, who received a small post under Government connected with the Committee of Ways and Means. He acted as his father's assistant, and so imbibed his first ideas of business.

While yet in his teens he secured a clerkship in the establishment of a parliamentary agent, with whom he remained for some years. He was only twenty-five when he formed the first of the great network of building syndicates, afterwards so widely known as "The Liberator Group."

A man of sterling quality, of engaging address, of unbounded appetite for both money and popularity, and with a truly wonderful belief in his powers and his luck, his success was for a time phenomenal. The companies he engineered were financed with superb audacity, and it is to-day the opinion of many great financial experts that, had it not pleased Providence to defer the discovery of his methods for only a few months longer, one of the most colossal crashes in the financial history would never have occurred at all.

His Seats in Parliament.

He was elected for Tamworth in 1880, and sat afterwards for Burnley, and during his time in the House made himself at once one of the most powerful and popular of private members. He was successful in attendance on money bills and in committee, and his talents and his purse were alike freely at the disposal of his party chiefs.

He was accepted everywhere as a person of huge wealth, of boundless hospitality, a genuine and

generous philanthropist, and a man of sterling piety. He preached, built places of worship, and advanced schools, hospitals, orphanages, and home and foreign missions. So pious was he, indeed, that "Punch" proposed as the motto for his coat of arms the inscription, "Let us prey."

At the end, after twenty-three days in the dock, he was set to commence his long sentence at Wandsworth Scrubs, where he was put to sewing cards for shovels and Office and to bootmaking, afterwards to Portland, where he learned the mystery of tinsmithery, and finally to Parkhurst, where he sang in the choir, worked in the garden, and proved such an exemplary criminal that he was appointed assistant librarian.

He made one public appearance during his incarceration. It was at the Bankruptcy Court, on January 26, 1895, when he explained his affairs to Mr. Registrar Giffard. He was physically feeble at the time, but two years of prison had not daunted his courage or dimmed his intelligence.

He showed all his old mastery of business detail, and traced his way, without a scrap of memorandum, through bewildering labyrinths of figures. Once he got going, he was as quick as lightning in his family, and had to beg the indulgence of the Court while he mastered his emotion.

Simplicity of Scheme.

Like most great things, Balfour's fraudulent scheme was extremely simple, and only put on an appearance of complexity from the magnitude of the company involved, the number of companies consolidated in "The Liberator Group," as it was called, and the immense number of transactions entered upon.

It was the old game, as old as the world, of paying money out of the right-hand pocket into the left, of making the left hand wash the right, of robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Between the years 1869 and 1880 the Balfour group consisted of three concerns—the Liberator, the London Allotment Company, and the House and Lands Investment Trust, and by the year 1879 the Liberator was a creditor to the other two concerns for the amount of £192,000.

Besides this, it had advanced £40,000 in the Hockley Colliery for eight years. The colliery defaulted in its payments, but the Liberator went on advancing until the sum had grown to £78,000.

Then Balfour and his colleagues, with magnificent impudence, floated the colliery as a company, he and other directors of the Liberator figuring as directors.

From the books of the Liberator it might be supposed that that company had recouped itself by a satisfactory transaction. But it was only a "book sale"—so many figures written in the columns of a ledger. The Liberator went on adding to its advances until they finally reached the total of £122,000.

No Bad Debts Written Off.

None of it was ever written off as a bad debt, for the great Balfour principle was not to write off its bad debts, but, on the contrary, to write on the arrears of interest in default, and to treat the whole principal and interest as a good asset.

The same trick was repeated with the Felling Chemical Works and with Brownhills Chemical Works.

It was in 1880 that these curious methods began to be exploited upon a colossal scale. Then appeared Hobbs, "the progressive builder," originally a small trader in Croydon, where Balfour lived. By 1885 Hobbs figured in the books of the Liberator as a debtor to the tune of £70,000. He was practically bankrupt.

To have exposed to the public the reckless fashion in which he had been financed would have precipitated ruin, so, on the good old principle, the Liberator made him into a company.

It was declared by the Official Receiver that "Hobbs and Co." never once earned any legitimate net profit, but that did not prevent the directors from paying 7 per cent. to their shareholders.

They simply applied the well-known swindling method of adding "profits" to the company's various properties until the profit and loss account showed a desirable balance.

How "Profits" Were Estimated.

These "profits" were usually an estimate of what a projected building would produce when completed and fully occupied, and such an estimate was treated as immediately available for distribution as dividend.

The palatial edifices of Whitehall Court and Hyde Park Court, the Salisbury Estate Buildings, and the Carlisle Mansions in Victoria-street are all monuments of this tremendous fraud. The Hotel Cecil was actually built to be the offices of the Liberator companies.

The group was swelled by company after company. The London and General Bank, George Newman—another Croydon builder—the Real Estate Company, and others were added, each nominally net profit, but that did not prevent the wealth of the concern, all facilitating the gigantic juggling trick, and all paying vast sums in salaries and commissions, open and secret.

The thrifty small shareholder paid for all.

LADY MINTO'S TIGER-HUNT

Wife of Viceroy and Her Daughters Enjoy Exciting Sport Near Lucknow.

Lady Minto, wife of the Viceroy of India, and her daughters, the Ladies Elliot, are, according to advices from Lucknow, throwing themselves heartily into the hunting-parties organised by her ladyship in that district.

From Dehra Dun the other day the party, accompanied by Captains Campbell, Ross, Strutt, and Keighley, went out to Mohan, and great excitement prevailed, because it was reported that panthers were in the neighbourhood.

Lady Minto and her daughters were as keenly excited as any members of the party. Two panthers were encountered, but they proved shy. One of them came within a fair distance of the party, but discreetly kept out of range.

However, half a dozen cheetah and fully 300 small game of sorts rewarded the party at Ecma, a village near the camp. Lady Minto also ventured a difficult shot at a wild boar, which escaped unhurt.

There was good "khubber" of tiger, but not one was located.

NEW GAME FOR SOLDIERS.

Lord Roberts Interested in a Sport Which Includes "Fortifications" and "Battle Grounds."

"Zoyoz" is the latest new game. It has been invented chiefly for soldiers, and will be played for the first time next week at the Royal Naval Hospital, Greenwich.

The necessary conditions for this new game are a ground 100 yards by 50 yards, twelve men on each side, and some small metal-like balls.

The ground is divided into "fortifications," "battle-grounds," and "neutral territory." The players are armed with special gloves, to strike the balls, and the side which, in an hour, projects the most balls into its opponents' fortress wins the game.

The balls may be bounced in the hands until it is necessary to pass to another member of the side.

One of the rules is exceedingly drastic. It puts any player out of the game if the balls are stopped or struck by any other means than the hands. Lord Roberts and Major-General Baden-Powell have extended their patronage to "zoyoz."

THEFT OF 1,000 HALF SOVEREIGNS.

Daring and Successful Daylight Robbery at a Belfast Bank.

Five hundred pounds in half-sovereigns is a peculiar haul for bank robbers, but this was the product of a successful robbery perpetrated on Saturday at the head office of the Ulster Bank, Belfast.

The coins had been brought from a branch office to the head department, and the bag containing them had been placed on the desk of the chief cashier, ten yards away from the public counter.

The cashier was called away for a few minutes, and on returning was alarmed to find that the bag of money was missing. There were also a number of valuable documents on the desk, but these had been undisturbed.

HOLIDAYS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Where All Holiday Information Can Be Had—An Interesting Compendium.


Everybody knows that there are innumerable places in the United Kingdom, on the coast and inland, attractive to those arranging their holidays, but not every one knows that it is possible to get a very comprehensive and satisfactory history of these places, giving details as to character of climate and adjacent country, aspect, whether sands or beach, etc.; their possibilities as to sport, such as golf, cricket, tennis, boating, fishing, bathing, etc., together with the names of hotels and private boarding-houses.

The *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide for 1906 is just such a directory covering England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, as well as the chief Continental resorts.

The completeness and accuracy of the *Daily Mirror* Resort Guide are much to be commended. It is entirely free from any bias, and is not issued for the benefit of any one corporation or railway company, but simply to give the public accurate and reliable information about each resort. Its remarkably low price—3d.—is not the least of its attractions. It can be had at all newsagents and bookstalls, or direct post free, 4d., from the *Daily Mirror* Resort Guide Office, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.

"TOO MANY HOT CROSS BUNS."

"I suppose," said, on Saturday, a Poplar jurymen, who was removed because of his frequent interruptions, "you think I'm drunk." The Coroner: Oh, no. Possibly you have been eating too many hot cross buns.



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NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1906.

THE WAKING-UP TIME.

WAS it chance or design which made the early Christians celebrate the festival of the Resurrection at the season when the annual drama of new life is being played by Nature?

At Easter we see the Earth coming to life after its long winter sleep. The black trees begin to put forth leaves and flowers. The grass grows green once more. The birds start singing merrily again. The fields are full of lambs. Even we human beings, who have got so far away from being natural, feel the influence of the awakening that is going on all around us.

The New Year is supposed to be the time to make good resolutions, but surely Easter is a much more significant period. The break between one year and another is purely artificial. There is no real difference whatever between the last week in December and the first week in January. It is in the spring that the curtain draws up on a fresh performance of the play which Nature has gone on acting over and over again ever since the world began.

Now is the time to pull ourselves together, to examine our characters and see what improvements are called for, to determine that we will turn over a new leaf.

In the spring the gardener looks back upon past experience, and, if he is a wise man, profits by it. He has found that certain plants will not flourish in certain parts of the garden. He moves them to somewhere else. He has learnt that with another plant he used the wrong fertiliser. He gives it different treatment.

Old writers used to be very fond of comparing the characters of men and women to gardens which have to be carefully cultivated by their owners. No garden is perfect unless it provides both flowers and fruit. No character can reflect credit on its possessor unless it gives him both the fruit of success in his undertakings, and also the flowers which make life pleasant—kindness, courtesy, cheerfulness, the gift of making other people, as well as himself, happy and content.

Perhaps you have not had much success so far in your work. Now it is the time to discover the reason.

Have you put your back into it? Have you scorned delights and lived laborious days? Or have you scorned laborious days and made amusement your chief aim? Have you sat down and thought about your difficulties? Or have you just said, "Oh, well, if I can't overcome them, then I can't. I must just go on muddling through?"

Or possibly you have been successful in your work, but have not managed to make people like you. Have you really tried? Some people have naturally sunny natures, and are popular without any effort, just as some flowers (like the iris) will grow in any kind of soil. But with most of us it requires an effort to be always helpful and good-tempered, and to win the love and liking of those with whom we live and work.

Take a lesson from the wise gardener. Now, when the flowers are beginning to blossom again and the fresh green shoots showing on the trees, see if you cannot get your character to make a fresh start, too. Resurrection is in the air at Easter. Get up a little one on your own account.

Resurrect your ambitions, your ideals, the good intentions you began with. It will not be nearly so difficult as you think. It only wants the electric spark of will to set the motor of improvement throbbing away as if it had never stopped.

These good intentions are not dead. They have been asleep like the plants and the trees. Winter is over now. Wake them up.

H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A man who must separate himself from his neighbours' habits in order to be happy is in much the same case with one who requires to take upon for the same purpose. What we want to see is one who can break into the world, do a man's work, and still preserve his first and pure enjoyment of existence.—R. L. Stevenson.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ONE of the most useful applications of the Easter egg custom was invented by the ingenious mind of the founder of the Church Army. Prebendary Carlile makes all his parishioners bring good hard-boiled eggs with them as an offering to the poor on Easter day, and "Egg Sunday" at St. Mary-at-Hill is almost as exciting a festival as the "Plum-pudding" Sunday, which comes in the week before Christmas. It is a pleasing thing to see Mr. Carlile patting the puddings approvingly, or ranging them round his pulpit in full view of the congregation.

Mr. Carlile has lately been making a tour in Belgium in order to find out all about Belgian methods of labour colonisation, and he has just published a little book on the subject of the Continental outcast and how he is treated. Belgium is a familiar place to him, for there he was sent to school to learn French, and learnt it, I believe, so satisfactorily that he even took on a dash of French manners and wanted to fight a duel with a schoolfellow who had wronged him in those days. I am afraid he was occasionally found fighting

into the place next hers. Then she would call for innumerable books, sit down with a thud, and take a pinch of snuff.

Until the books came she fidgetted incessantly. When they came she used to pile them up so that they made her a kind of rampart from the rest of the world, behind which I could hear her going through I know not what secret incantations and enchantments. Generally you can change your seat, but if the place be full this sort of neighbour is most irritating. One day I saw the old woman with the crutches plant herself down next a choleric-looking colonel—I am sure he must have been a colonel—just behind my seat.

Then it was obvious that something would happen. In a moment I heard the colonel making representations, in a tone of forced politeness, to the old lady, who paid no more attention to him than if he had been a piece of wood. His voice rose. Other people's voices rose higher than his, protesting. Still others were heard saying "Hush!" and making far more noise in saying it than all the rest of the people together. Then

in Paris, or like certain streets in Bologna or in Berne. In Berne you can walk at the present day almost all round the town in rainy weather without needing an umbrella, owing to these long arcades.

The upper end of Regent-street replaced old Swallow-street—a road of dubious reputation. Even Regent-street itself was not quite safe, a century or two ago, for the timid passenger. There was an unpleasant house about the middle of it notorious as a haunt of highwaymen; and as to Oxford-street, just beyond, why that was a place full of ditches, running between hedges, considered quite out of town, and infested by footpads. Macaulay says that, under Charles II., a man could sometimes "have a shot at a woodcock" in the rural wilderness where Regent-street is now!

Finally, one must not forget to mention that the space which is now given to Golden-square used to bring this whole quarter into discredit. Here was the horrible "pesthole" where, during the great plague, hundreds and hundreds of corpses were thrown down for hasty burial. For years afterwards nobody would build anywhere near the accursed field, and the memory of its horrors had to die out before a dwelling-place was to be seen anywhere near. How safe and dull all this part of London seems now in contrast to what it was two or three centuries ago!

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

MOTOR-OMNIBUSES—FOR AND AGAINST.

May I suggest that the motor-omnibus is in a transitional stage? I think it will be a splendid thing—an immense improvement—when it is perfected. But I agree with "An American Woman" that, just at present, it is a nuisance.

You may ask: "Will it ever be perfected?" Surely. Think of the old cart-wheel bicycles, and look at the modern free-wheelers, which glide like a swallow over the ground.

Meanwhile, we must have hope, and bear with patience the deafening noise and the extreme danger of these primitive motor-omnibuses, which will be replaced in the future by something noiseless, yet infinitely quicker than the lumbering horse we have endured so long. DUM SPIRO SPERO.

Kensington-square.

Please let me put in a good word for motor-omnibuses. Going about London has become a pleasure instead of a penance. And what a lot one saves in cabs!

Going home from the theatre the other night (I caught an "Arrow" just outside the Vaudeville) the omnibus was half full of people in evening-dress who, but for the motor-omnibuses, would all have had to spend money in cabs.

As it was I got home quicker than I could have done in a cab, and at a cost of 2d. instead of 2s. Motor-omnibuses have made London a far more habitable place than it was. A POOR PEER.

Sloane-street, S.W.

Our motor-omnibuses, I was told by a police officer, are allowed to travel only nine miles an hour. Yet "An American Woman" says that in America the vehicles are not allowed to go half as fast—that is, four and a half miles an hour is too much for American nerves.

I have often waited ten minutes for a motor-omnibus in preference to a horse one, to get the greater comfort, speed, and to feel that I am sparing horses in this hot weather.

West Hampstead. A LOVER OF HORSES.

EDUCATION AND RELIGION.

May I point out to your "Catholic Reader" that Nonconformist schools were not built for them by the State. As a matter of fact, the education of the children was left in the hands of voluntary workers, and I may say that the Churchmen were the largest of these.

But voluntary effort was not enough, and by 1846 the State was compelled to undertake the education of the children.

Nonconformists want to put our educational system on a firm basis, free from all sectarian controversy. THE GEE.

Antill-road.

HOW TO TREAT SERVANTS.

I think "One Who Knows" cannot have had much experience of good-class servants.

My experience of servants runs a little over forty years, and I think that invariably to get good servants you must pay them well and also treat them as human beings, not as mere machines.

Regent's Park. A SERVANTS' FRIEND.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 15.—Day by day the glorious sun awakens new treasures in the garden. On a warm wall the new japonica is in full bloom. This is one of the most beautiful of flowering shrubs, being suitable for growing as a climber or a bush. To-day every branch is laden with deep scarlet buds. And many other subjects on walls and arches are now interesting to linger over. Little buds deck the mountain daffodils, the twining wistaria gives promise of soon putting forth hundreds of bluish-lilac flowers. Many a rosebud can be found.

E. F. T.

CRICKET SUDDENLY APPEARS ON THE STAGE.



Football is preparing to disappear for the season. To-day's match at the Oval marks the beginning of the reign of King Willow. Those who are not playing are oiling their bats, looking to the nails in their boots, pipe-claying their pads, and dreaming of centuries yet to be made.

against his fellow-creatures instead of on their behalf, as he does now so courageously. There was, for instance, this affair of the duel, and the occasion, also, when he thumped a tactless boy on the head with a cricket-bat because the boy had told him that he was "going to hell."

None of all the compliments paid to the memory of Dr. Richard Garnett was, I think, better deserved than the praise given to his patience with troublesome people who used to tax it in the British Museum reading-room. This position of superintendent of a great public library is a very difficult and trying one. Lots of the people who use these libraries are faddists and fanatics, and some only go to them, I am sure, because they want to get warm, and can economise fires in their homes by sitting and reading about nothing in particular at the British Museum.

Really, I cannot help thinking that the Museum is afflicted with more eccentrics than any other public library. Years ago, I remember, one ancient, little woman, who made more fuss for a person of her size than anyone else I can remember at the Museum—for, indeed, her head only came up to the top of the desk. She entered upon crutches, rapping along aggressively, and for several days in succession I found myself, by a stroke of ill-fortune, next her. She would dispose her crutches all along her desk, generally thrusting them well

the colonel went off to the superintendent—I presume Dr. Garnett, but I could not see—and was suavely recommended to calm himself and to move away, which he did, cursing military curses as he went.

The plans for the rebuilding of the parts of Regent-street and Piccadilly, which are now a scene of strange confusion, ought to be of the greatest interest to all Londoners, since such an opportunity for radical change in these familiar places will certainly not occur again during the lifetime of this generation, unless, under exceptional circumstances of plague, fire, revolution, or earthquake. Are we to have something worthy of a great city there where the workman is at present rampant, or something vulgar and foolish? From an encouraging forecast in yesterday's "Observer" one gathers that the new designs have been well mediated.

The ordinary man in the street has forgotten that this curved part of Regent-street, beyond the County Fire Office, is properly named the Quadrant. It used to be a far more imposing, if less useful, street in the days when it had a Doric colonnade on either side which covered up the pavements with 300 columns of cast-iron, each 16ft. high. In old prints you may see the Quadrant in its arcaded days, looking like certain of the covered streets abroad—the Rue de Rivoli

GREAT POST OFFICE STRIKE IN PARIS

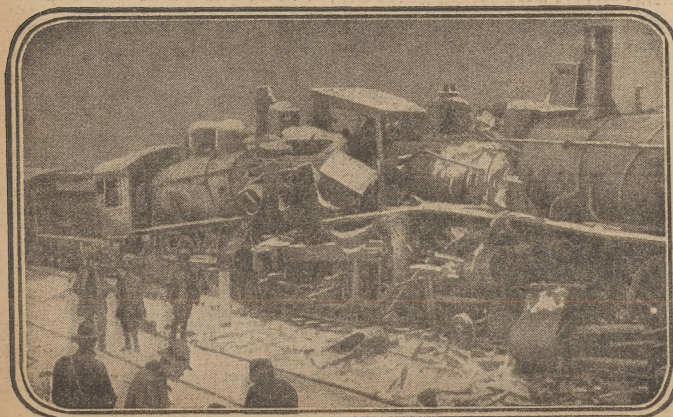


Paris has been seriously disorganised by the postmen's strike. More than 5,000 men were out, but now not more than 1,400 are on strike. The photograph shows clerks being employed to deliver the letters, whilst soldiers guard the offices.



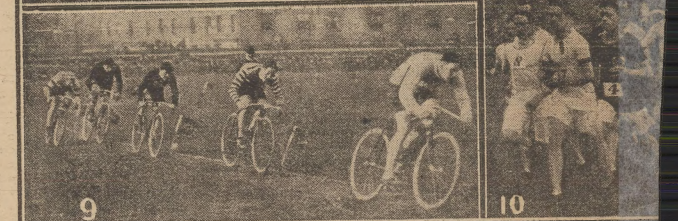
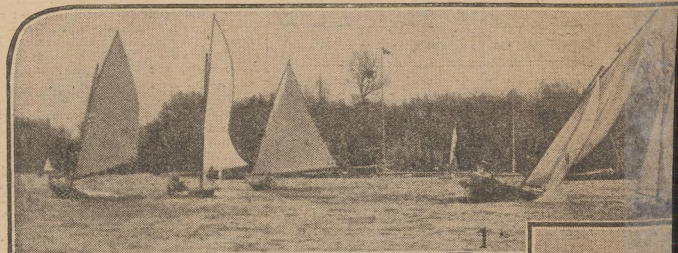
French Post Office employees on strike holding one of their meetings at a café. After the meeting was over an impromptu concert was organised, one man in uniform playing the piano, and others singing comic songs.

DISASTROUS COLLISION IN AMERICA.



Owing to the failure of an operator to deliver orders, two trains crashed into each other in a blinding snowstorm at Adobe, Colorado. The trains caught fire, and twenty-two persons were killed. The picture shows three engines in collision at once.

SPORT AND PLAY



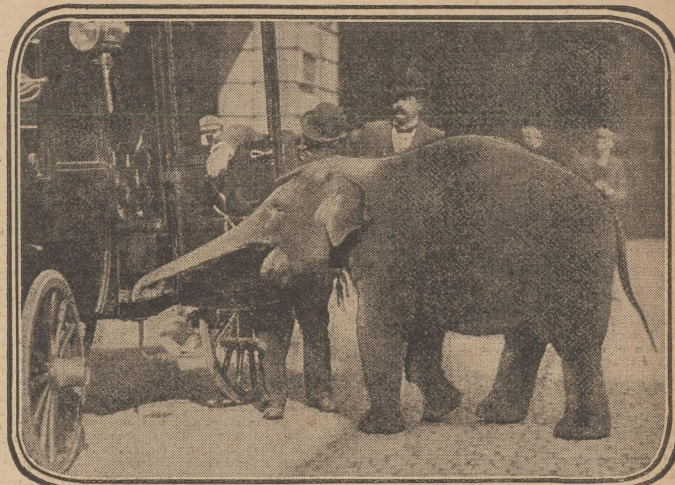
Brilliant sunshine has so far favoured the Easter holidays, and everyone has been enjoying the summerlike weather. (1) The opening meet of the Thames Sailing Club at Teddington. (2) Sword-dance at the gathering of the clans at Wimbledon Common. (3) The Scottish game of "shinty" at Wimbledon. (4) Piper marching round the field during the game. (5) Cycle campers at Chesham, and Miss Sanders and her tent in which she has camped out in the Rocky Mountains. (6) Mr. H. B. Steele, honorary secretary of the Thames Sailing Club.

BRING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS



(1) Campers, outside his tent. (2) An after-dinner doze. (3) Sleeping-bags for campers. (4) First lap of the three miles bicycle race at the Oval. (5) First lap of the mile at the South London Harriers' meeting at the Oval. (6) Finish of the 100 at the Oval. (7) Arsenal beat Bury at Woolwich by 4 goals to 0. (8) Ashcroft, Arsenal goalkeeper, leaves his goal to clear the ball. This victory of the Arsenal's is their position safe in the First League next season.

WILD ANIMALS LEAVING LONDON AT EASTER



Yesterday morning the animals of the Italian Circus, after a two years' visit to London, started for Birmingham. The photograph shows Jumbo, junior, with his keeper, entering a cab en-route for Euston Station.



On the left, Mme. Batavia, the famous bear, who travelled with her owner from Euston to Birmingham. In the centre, the huge baboon in his cage; on the right, a colt who showed great unwillingness to enter the train, and had to be assisted to enter.



(1) A pack of dogs, ranging from huge boarhounds down to tiny terriers, with their attendants at Euston Station; (2) some of the fifty ponies, which occupied ten horseboxes, with their grooms.

By Right of Love.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER LI (continued).

"My dear girl—my sweetheart." Chester addressed his wife as in their courtship days, for how could he choose but believe the woman, whose soft blue eyes were raised so entrancingly to his, and whose slim, tender body quivered in his clasp.

He did not understand—he never would quite understand—the full history of the case, or how it was that Susan had originally got the idea into her head that he had married her for the sake of her position in society; but what did that matter now? He and his wife had found each other at last—after long years of mutual mistrust they had drifted back to each other's arms.

He abandoned himself to the intense happiness of the moment, feeling as Tannhäuser might have felt clasped to the soft, gentle breast of Elizabeth, after bidding an eternal farewell to Venus. A holy joy had hold of Chester—a great content. He had done with the roses and raptures of vice; he had fought the good fight and put them behind him, and now it seemed that a saint as sweet and pure as a lily had been sent to reward him—that God had remembered the struggle Chester had with temptation and had decided to compensate the man who had suffered so horribly through the unbalanced passion of one woman by the sacred and precious love of another.

Sacred and profane love! It seemed to Chester as he felt the rain of Susan's soft kisses upon his cheek that he must have been mad when he thought that to clasp Henrietta and die would be the greatest height of ecstasy a man could reach, for he knew that no profane passion could ever have exalted him as he was being exalted now.

The holy love of a man for his wife brought more true happiness than any that guilty lovers might feel, however fierce their desire for each other, however ardent their embrace. For to kiss under the shadow of Heaven's wall must be a finer and greater thing than to meet love by the doorway of hell, and feel the scorch of flame, and listen perhaps to that same roaring wind that whirled the souls of Paolo and Francesca through the ages—the wind of fierce desire.

He had found the best—the best had come to him. So the man murmured to himself as he caressed his wife, and then he wondered how he could ever have worshipped at Henrietta's shrine.

"Are you happy?" whispered Susan.

She smiled softly as she asked the question.

She was not afraid of anything now. Paul's arms were round her, his lips had pressed her lips. She was no longer a woman deserted of her husband, but she wanted to feel that the man was equally happy—as sublimely content.

Chester hesitated. He hardly knew what to answer. Of course, he was happy in the knowledge of his wife's love, and he wanted to tell her so, also to assure her of the keen joy it was to clasp her to him and kiss her soft, sweet face. But he still felt troubled—horribly troubled—over what the future might have in the way of humiliation and disgrace. Also he wondered what Susan would say and think when she heard some of the hateful lies which were being circulated about him—lies whispered on from friend to friend.

She did not know yet, poor girl, the story he would have to tell her, that he was popularly supposed to have insulted the Duchess of Berkshire with a bold declaration of affection, and that the affronted lady had very properly cut him in consequence. This would not make a particularly pretty tale to tell his wife, directly after their reconciliation, too; but he felt he must let Susan know what was being said about him, even at the risk of another parting, for perhaps she would refuse to believe in his indignified denial of the slander; and he was still determined not to betray Henrietta.

But Susan merely smiled wisely when he informed her what people were saying, and how he was being set at naught by his world. The longing was on the woman to tell Chester that she knew the real truth of the story, and was amazingly proud of him in consequence. But she dared not do this, for she knew she must never let her husband suspect that Flora had spoken out and told her all. She must remember the promise of secrecy she had made her sister, so all she could do was to whisper that she believed in Chester and would make the world believe in him, too—a brave promise.

"Dear Susan"—he caressed her thin, pretty hands—"it's sweet of you to take things so splendidly," he went on slowly. "But you are bound to hate the position as I do. I am taboored everywhere—I'm cut right and left. I can't fight the whole of society, can I?"

He spoke with a touch of hopeless despondency, for it seemed specially hard that just at this present moment, when he had started to conquer the world and had laid the foundations for a great political career, that he should be hopelessly dis-

graced and ruined by the instrumentality of a vile lie—made of no account in the eyes of his party—cut by the community at large.

"Paul," Susan drew back a little and gazed steadily at her husband. "Leave matters to me. Don't despair, dear. You won't be fighting society alone. We'll fight together—and win."

She clenched her hands and set her lips tight and firm. There was an air of indomitable resolution about the frail, slight woman of sublime courage.

Chester gazed at her amazed. Was this the wife he had pushed into the background of his life, and forsaken for a woman like Henrietta, this gallant spirit, this noble soul.

Deeply impressed, he knelt at her feet, feeling that the humility of the action suited his mood, and before Susan could check him he had raised the hem of her dress to his lips.

"Don't, dear, don't!" she murmured faintly. For why should he kneel to her? But her heart swelled with proud and delicious emotion, and then she stooped over him and drew his head to her breast.

CHAPTER LII.

Lady Susan's unexpected appearance in the Ladies' Gallery that afternoon provoked somewhat of a sensation, and the women who had turned their backs disdainfully on Paul Chester were exceedingly puzzled how to greet his wife.

She wasn't in disgrace, poor dear, though, so they told themselves, but must be fussed over and petted; for it was really plucky of her to turn up at this particular moment. But perhaps she was not aware of the scandalous behaviour of her husband, and someone ought to tell her at once. So they murmured behind their fans, those smart, pretty women; and then they proceeded to enlighten Susan as to Chester's wrongdoing, and to praise and blame Henrietta in one breath.

"For she could have been as cold as Lucretia if she had pleased—snubbed him well herself. But she mustn't have told the Duke and made a regular scandal!"—so they all chorused, watching Susan with their bright, beaklike eyes, wondering what she would have to say to them.

Susan listened in silence first of all, and was wonderfully quiet and calm; then she chanked her friends sweetly for the information they had given her. But did they think, seriously, she asked, that the Duchess's version was quite to be depended upon? Surely this must be the very first time that Henrietta had ever objected to any amount of homage being bestowed upon her. Possibly there might be another version of the tale—Susan paused here, smiled, and looked wise. Her silence, her whole pose, was tantalising; also most of the women bore the Duchess of Berkshire no great affection, and though they had followed her lead with regard to Chester, still, now that the

man's wife was taking up the cudgels for him—well, that put a different complexion on the case, and made people think twice of their former summary judgment.

"Do you fancy," whispered one woman to Susan—"that the Duchess was more to blame over the whole miserable affair than she gives one to believe—that she led Mr. Chester on, for instance."

Susan flushed a fine indignant crimson. "The whole story is a lie," she remarked calmly, "a wicked and infamous lie. My husband is not the sort of man who makes love to his neighbour's wife. The Duchess of Berkshire has been pleased to calumniate Paul and to blacken him in the eyes of the world. Perhaps she thought to blacken him in my eyes, too; but she hasn't."

Susan smoothed out a fold of ribbon as she spoke, then glanced down at the Opposition bench where her husband was sitting listening to a prosy speech—a speech she had completely ignored as she and her friends talked in low whispers—the whisper permitted in the Ladies' Gallery.

"If you feel so convinced about your husband's innocence," Lady Garwood murmured under her breath, "I wonder you don't tell Henrietta so straight out."

Lady Garwood edged close up to Susan as she spoke, and gazed at the latter with glittering eyes, for if Susan took her advice there would be plenty for people to talk about during the next few weeks. It would be exciting to see the great social leader challenged. The scandal would be great—immense.

Susan paused a moment before she replied, feeling that Lady Garwood was right. It was necessary that Paul Chester's wife should defy Duchess Henrietta. There must be war to the knife between the two women, and she thought for a second of driving out at once to Berkshire House, then altered her mind. No, she would fling down her glove before the astonished eyes of the big London crowd—challenge Henrietta openly to a duel of words—to a battle of tongues.

"You look very grave," Lady Garwood fanned herself a little. She was a small, stoutly-built woman, and she felt the heat intensely; also something told her that the moment was dramatic.

"I have every reason to look grave," returned Susan quietly. "But I thank you for what you said just now, Lady Garwood. You have shown me what I ought to do." She paused, then went on in slow, deliberate tones. "I shall make it my business to meet the Duchess of Berkshire as soon as I can, and tell her that she has lied about my husband—lied shamefully."

"You'll accuse her to her face?" whispered the other woman excitedly.

Susan nodded her head gravely, and her eyes gleamed with strange fire.

(To be continued.)



MISS VIOLET EDEN.

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with a sickly yellow or green, and whose breath is as short as their nerves are weak or unstrung. Bile Beans are an ideal remedy for this disease and all its alarming symptoms. Anæmia means poverty of the blood.

To improve the quality of the blood the stomach, liver, and bowels must be kept in perfect condition. The blood is the channel through which the food we eat reaches all parts of the body, repairing and renewing worn-out tissue. If the blood is starved the body is starved also; and then early decline, heart disease, and consumption too often result.

Bile Beans cleanse and invigorate the digestive organs, and fill the blood with millions of rich red corpuscles, and will bring the rosy hue of perfect health to pallid faces and languid lips.

2, The Studios, Melbourne-road, Bushey, Herts.

Gentlemen,—I think it only right to tell you of the great benefit I have derived from Bile Beans. I am an artist's model by profession. For three years I suffered from anæmia and general weakness. I grew so thin that my friends thought I was going into a consumption. My face was pale, and my lips had scarcely a tinge of colour in them. I suffered terribly from constipation, and I could not eat. Food was actually repulsive to me. I was constantly troubled with buzzing noises in my head. I grew so weak that I frequently fainted when "posed" at the studios, and these fainting fits became so frequent that I had to give up my work altogether.

I tried all kinds of remedies without avail. One of my girl friends advised me to try Bile Beans, and I did so as a last resource, never dreaming of the wonderful cure that was to be effected. I began to feel better almost immediately, and was soon able to resume my work. Now I am as strong as possible, and can enjoy life like other girls. Your little Beans have certainly cured me most marvelously, and I shall be very pleased for you to publish both this letter and the portrait just to let others know what an excellent remedy Bile Beans are.—Yours most gratefully, VIOLET EDEN.

CONSTIPATION.

You can't afford to neglect constipation, even for a day. Constipation is the reason why you wake up in the morning with a bad headache, feeling as heavy and weary as you were when you went to bed. It is the reason why you have no appetite, no interest in life, and no hope for the future.

Mineral purges, mercurial preparations, and drastic drugs clean out the digestive canal by brute force, cause much pain, damage the delicate lining of the digestive canal, and exhaust the weakened organs. Instead of banishing the trouble permanently, they convert a temporary weakness into a chronic disease. "Bile Beans for Biliousness," a purely vegetable tonic-laxative, are the ideal remedy for constipation. They act gently, persistently, positively, and painlessly. They do not force a passage through the digestive canal, but they promote the flow of natural digestive fluids by strengthening and toning-up the stomach, liver, and bowels; thus helping the organs to work out their own salvation. That is why a Bile Bean cure is progressive, positive, and permanent.

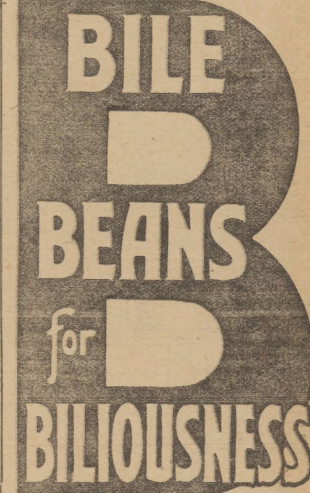
SICK HEADACHES.

Sick-headaches are the most prominent symptom of bilious attacks. The signs of an approaching attack are a heavy, aching pain in the front part of the head, and a sickly loathing of food, or even the thought of it. Then the headache gets so severe that the sufferer often collapses, cannot bear the light, and turns "lighthouse." Bright specks dance before the eyes, and violent paroxysms of sickness seem almost to tear the body asunder.

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We want to convince you that Bile Beans for Biliousness are the safest, surest, purest, and best of household remedies. We have reproduced powerful testimony from one who has tried and proved Bile Beans to be all we claim for them. If you desire further proof, you may test Bile Beans at our expense. Send this paragraph from *Daily Mirror*, April 16, 1906, to the Bile Beans Co., Leeds, with a penny stamp for postage, and we will send you a sample box free of charge.



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Von Moltke said that the battle of Sedan was won by the Prussian schoolmaster! And he was right! It is brains and nerves that tell. Mere brawn and muscle is being pushed aside by brain. Some people do all they can to develop the biceps. 'Of what good is an enormous calf or a thick neck to the man who works with the brain? Can the doctor cure his patient by virtue of his muscular beauty, or the surgeon operate successfully in consequence of his physical culture? No! A thousand times No! It is nerve-power and knowledge which wins the day. And now about yourself: Are you perfectly satisfied with the condition of your nerves? Just test your nerve-power by holding a glass of water at arm's length; note the vibration. If you have been squandering your nerve-power faster than you can make it, then it is time you acquired something to put you right again. Coleman's Nerve Pills will brace you together quicker than any other remedy, and the trial costs nothing.

THE WORRY FIEND.

The anxieties and worries peculiar to modern life have much to answer for in deterioration.

They have certainly as much to do with causing and perpetuating a growing state of invalidism.

It is not the work of brain or body that kills, but the accompanying worries and anxieties.

These, combined with our bad habits of life, undermine the sensitive nervous system.

And here an aggravating fact comes in, it can be checked, but the mischief's done before we are aware of it.

We are so very busy, we have no time to spare to attend to the nerves and our well-being.

When health is gone, and we become irritable and nervous, we can find plenty of time to think of it.

Those that have health rarely appreciate it, those that lose it would give the world to regain it.

And now about yourself, do you wish to possess unlimited capacity for endurance?

Would you like to always feel eager for work, to take a real pleasure in your duties?

You would! Well, we think we can help you to! We will kindly fill in the coupon below, and send on to us at once.

By return we will send you a sample bottle of Coleman's Nerve Pills, absolutely free of charge and post paid.

Take them, as directed, and in a short time you will feel such an accession of improved nervous power that will make work a pleasure.

RESULTS OF THE TEST.

Important Certificate of Analysis from
W. LASCELLES-SCOTT, Esq.
Chemical and Physical Laboratories,
Little Hford, Essex, March 10, 1906.

I have Chemically Analysed and have examined in other ways the medication known as "Coleman's Nerve Pills" prepared and supplied by Messrs. J. Chapman and Co., Ltd., of Norwich; the Samples for Analysis having been obtained not only from the Proprietors direct, but also (unknown to the said makers) by retail purchases in London, Hford, Manchester, Bradford, and Ipswich.

"Coleman's Nerve Pills" are Spherical and of comparatively small size, only about 0.2in. (one-fifth of an inch) in diameter. Being "pearl-coated" and therefore quite tasteless, they are easily swallowed. Besides acting as a general tonic, febrifuge and digestive, these pills exert a distinctly stimulative influence upon the nerve centres and lymphatic system, whilst they also supply to impoverished blood the Phosphorus it so greatly needs in a readily assimilative form. Unlike many of the alkaloidal and glucosidal nervotics commonly met with, "Coleman's Nerve Pills" do not interfere with, but, on the contrary, tend to assist, the gastric functions, and their action upon even a weak heart is of the beneficial kind, without after ill-effects. In anaemia, neurasthenia, and the early stages of phthisis, this preparation is likely to prove of considerable value.

I have therefore no hesitation in Certifying that in my opinion "Coleman's Nerve Pills" are very carefully made of the purest materials, and well calculated to remove or ameliorate the ailments for which they are recommended.

(Signed)

WENTWORTH LASCELLES-SCOTT, Chemical and Microscopical Analyst; Lecturer on Chemistry and Hygiene to The London Conservatoire; Consulting Analyst to the Royal Commissions (C.I.E.) for Victoria, Mauritius, and Fiji; late Public Analyst to the Counties of Derby, N. Stafford, and Glamorgan, etc.

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"Daily Mirror," April 10, 1905.

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Yours faithfully,

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spoil the beauty of the fairest face, and deprive the eyes of their defence against dirt and dust. The eyelashes are strengthened and restored by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a remedy with 30 years' reputation. Supplied by chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each. A little book "How to Preserve the Eye Sight" will be sent to any applicant by STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, who writes from any eye trouble should send for it.

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KEEP YOUR SITUATIONS.
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HAIR RESTORER.
DARKENS IN A FEW DAYS.

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Circumstances alter cases, Hinde's Wavers alter faces.
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A TROUSSEAU COAT FOR PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG.

THE CHARM OF JAPANESE WOMEN.

LEARN THE SECRET OF THEIR PERENNIAL BEAUTY.

A traveller in Japan says that the women of that country have learnt the secret of personal youth. In Japan, she says, the children never grow old. The women of that country are as child-like and bland as the children, and the children are as grown up as their elders. Amiability is actually taught over there, so that such an individual as a cross Japanese girl never exists, much less a cross Japanese child. In point of fact, the Japanese woman never allows herself to become cross.

One of the first details she is taught is that she must eat when she wants to eat. Her food is brought to her upon a little tray, which seems somehow to follow her about the house. What she wants to eat she eats. She never has that hungry feeling which annoys most women.

The Japanese woman has plenty to drink. Her

plants. She changes them from corner to corner, digs them, loves them, and makes them grow.

The Japanese woman does not know what nerves mean. When she feels a little out of gear she finds an instant remedy. She sits on a little, low seat while her servant brings in the tea-tray. She looks at her bulbs and picks her blossoms. If the day is pleasant she goes to call upon her neighbour to find how the plants are flowering. Or, if she is a rich woman, she sends for the plant man and orders some new decorative flowers for her house.

The Japanese woman loves to count her children and takes a great deal of pride in them. Far from worrying about them, she sits down and admires them. She knows they will grow up all right; and, indeed, why should they not?

The Japanese women are always good-looking, and it is because it is a part of their teaching. In our schools nothing at all is said about beauty. It is thought silly and even frivolous and wrong to want to be pretty, but over there it is a most desirable item in life.

The Japanese can massage very well. They can pinch off the fat and pinch strength into the muscles. The Japanese woman who does not have our bathing facilities is more hygienic. She bathes in hot water two or three times a day. Oil is the

shirts, which are hardly more than bands, to the best bib and tucker, in the shape of the cape and cap, should be made of materials that will wash or clean with ease. Fine flannels make exquisite sacques, and soft cashmere or ribbed silk the prettiest of mantles.

Kimono, both long and short, have made themselves almost necessities in baby outfits. The most satisfactory of the shorter ones are those cut in a single piece, tiny bows of ribbon taking the place of seams both for the sleeves and under the arm. Bunches of small flowers embroidered on each side of the front at the neck, just outside the bands, and repeated at the lower corners and on the sleeves, make the prettiest sort of trimming.

Cashmere for Coats.

To avoid so many garments buttoning down the back most of the new baby petticoats fasten with two flat buttons right over the shoulder. The prettiest finish for the neck and armholes and for the edge of the petticoat is a buttonholed scallop, left plain, or ornamented with an embroidered dot set in each scallop, with perhaps another row of them placed directly above it.

Soft cashmere makes satisfactory short coats, or even first mantles, and caps are best made of some thin washing material, comfortably lined. There is a pretty way of tying the baby's cap on, which does away with the uncomfortable bow just under his chin, which almost invariably gets eaten and reduced to a limp, white rag within a few minutes. The ribbons are fastened to the two corners of the cap, crossed under the little chin, brought up and tied in a large bow right on the top, and then the bow is fastened in place with a tiny safety-pin carefully hidden from sight.

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This beautiful £1 10s. 6d. skirt, as shown in the illustration, is made of double-bounced, trimmed with elegant, Sassinet ribbon, finished with hand-made lace. Our price is only 7/11 each, 6d. extra by post, packed in strong cardboard box. This garment does not give the purchaser more than entire satisfaction, we will gladly refund the money and pay carriage both ways.

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Made for the trossseau of Princess Ena of Battenberg by Messrs. Nicoll, of Regent-street, is the above coat, which is built of black cloth in the Empire manner, and has a lining of white satin. A collar of white cloth, decorated with black cloth and silver braid, is added, and cut steel buttons furthermore embellish the model.

wine is a sweet one, with very little alcohol in it. She can drink it like water; it does not go to her head. Her best drink is tea.

Children eat the same food as their elders if they want to, but they are more inclined to eat sweets. The most expensive sugars are bought and given to them, and they have the finest bonbons of every description. The children never eat cheap sweets, and that is one reason why they keep so well.

The Japanese woman is very proud of being well; she considers it a disgrace to be ill. She never tells her ill, and she conceals them as much as possible. Four hours a day she devotes to her

secret of her good hair. The Japanese women oil their hair until it shines.

The Japanese woman has a way of constantly looking after her hands. If you look at them, you will see that they are long and tapering. She protects them as much as she can, while her feet are also protected. She wears soft, pretty shoes out of doors, and when she is in the house puts on still softer ones.

CLOTHES FOR KING BABY.

Into his own tiny wardrobe the dainty pieces of beauty for that all-important yet mortal—the baby—to wear, drift one by one. Simple everything must be, soft and free from frills, so that there is no danger of chafing the sensitive skin; but beyond that there is no end to the delightful ideas that can be carried out on his behalf.

Everything, from the woollen bands or the little

DR. JONES and LINCOLN LINIMENT, the 8 minutes Pain Cure.

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EASTER MONDAY RACING CARNIVALS.

Programmes for Kempton Park, Manchester, Birmingham, and Newcastle.

GREY FRIARS' SELECTIONS.

Several flat race meetings and many steeplechase gatherings are fixed for the entertainment of holiday folk to-day. Kempton Park provides a first-rate programme for southerners, and in the north Manchester and Newcastle, in the Midlands Birmingham, and throughout the country the Hunt meetings, present varied attractions. The weather continues of the most agreeable character, but a downpour of rain overnight should greatly benefit the racecourses.

At Kempton Park, where the Queen's Prize—a race of £1,000, run over a mile and a half—is the chief item, the executive use hydrants to such purpose that the track will be found in excellent trim. Glenamoy is fancied in some quarters for the City and Suburban, but the horse runs this afternoon in the Queen's Prize, and I see nothing more likely to win. The Rendisham Plate will bring out some smart two-year-olds, and it may be won by the colt by Orms—Perleone.

The Great Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase is the 15th of the afternoon at Manchester. Several of the recent Grand National opponents renew their exhibition. I fancy Outlands will be successful. At Wetherby Steeplechase the principal handicap should fall to Ravenscliffe, and King's Idler may score in the hurdle race.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne there will be capital sport, and Birmingham will not be less in quality. At the latter place the Holiday Plate may be won by Bulbo, the Spring Handicap by Montreux, and Polar Star has only to run to secure the Coventry Plate. In this race also appears the name of Diary, which youngster also holds an engagement in the Gosforth Park Juvenile Stakes.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

KEMPTON PARK.

- 2.0—Holiday Hurdle—CHILDWICKBURY.
- 2.6—Ashford Plate—AMBROSE.
- 2.35—Queen's Prize—GLENAMOY.
- 3.30—Rendisham Stakes—PERLEONE COLT.
- 4.30—Richmond Park Handicap—HALF HOLIDAY.
- 5.0—Rothschild Welter—GORDMAN MINT.

MANCHESTER.

- 2.0—Monday Steeplechase—PRIZE BEAST.
- 2.30—Salford Hurdle—MARCH FLOWERS.
- 3.15—Lancashire Steeplechase—OATLANDS.
- 4.0—Pendleton Hurdle—LANCASHIRE.
- 4.30—Spring Hurdle—DOMINGO.
- 5.0—Swinton Steeplechase—AIDANCE.

BIRMINGHAM.

- 2.0—Holiday Plate—BULBO.
- 2.35—All-Aged Plate—PLATINUM BOA.
- 3.30—Gosforth Park Stakes—JANTHE.
- 4.30—Newcastle Spring Handicap—DEVEREUX.
- 5.30—Eldwick Handicap—WILKINS GATE.
- 6.0—Beaumont Stakes—LINGY MOOR.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

LINGY MOOR. GREY FRIARS.

PLUMPTON RACING RETURNS.

- 2.0—UCKFIELD HURDLE—Two miles. Maori Queen II. (even), 1. Rika II. (to 1.2), 2. Mysterious 100 to 1.3. Also ran: Upper Cut, King, and Liza.
- 2.30—CLAYTON'S STEEPLECHASE—Two miles. Walk In 10 to 1. Zarneta 6 to 1.2. Macheath 100 to 1.3. Also ran: Dornick Ash, Chandel, and Gennie.
- 3.0—EASTHER HURDLE—Two miles. The King 2 to 1.1. Devere 4 to 1.2. Also ran: Liza, and Va.
- 3.30—HASTINGS HURDLE—Two miles. The King 2 to 1.1. Devere 4 to 1.2. Also ran: Liza, and Va.
- 4.0—KING'S PRIZE—Two miles. Riference 9 to 1.1. Edgworth 9 to 1.2. Lady Dunmore 10 to 1.3. Also ran: Gullup On, and Henry.
- 4.30—PRESTON STEEPLECHASE—Three miles. Dam 15 to 1.1. Marcha Real 6 to 1.2. Randle 7 to 1.2. Also ran: Edgworth.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMMES.

KEMPTON PARK.

- 1.30—EASTHER MONDAY HURDLE HANDICAP OF 100 SOVS. Two miles.

Maori Queen II.	10 to 1.1
Mysterious	10 to 1.3
Upper Cut	10 to 1.3
King	10 to 1.3
Liza	10 to 1.3
Devere	10 to 1.3
Chandel	10 to 1.3
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